

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 434.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON HISTORY.

HISTORICAL compositions are usually of two kinds. The first kind are the productions of individuals who have been concerned in the events, or who at least have lived during the time when the events were transacting, and for these reasons suppose themselves competent to give a faithful report of what passed. To this department belong such works as Sully's *Memoirs*, Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, and Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.* The second kind are narratives compiled from such original works as the above, with the assistance of other documents, and usually aiming either at an elegant and entertaining picture of the times, or at a philosophical view of human passions and motives, and of political and social maxims, as they chance to be illustrated, or to be supposed to be illustrated, by the series of transactions adopted for a subject. Of this class are the well-known histories of Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, and many others. History may be, in the one case, said to be original; in the other, to be derived.

If any one were proposing to inquire how far history of any kind is entitled to the faith of its readers, he would probably be disposed to pass original memoirs with very light investigation, as supposing that what men saw with their own eyes, or were intimately connected with, could not fail to be faithfully described by them. Here, however, there is reason to fear that he would find himself far wrong. The chances of misrepresentation appear to be nearly as great in original, as in derived history.

Most readers will remember an anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh, which, nevertheless, we shall repeat from memory. It represents Sir Walter as sitting in his apartment in the Tower, engaged in the compilation of his *History of the World*, when suddenly a brawl took place under his windows. Presently after, a gentleman entered and gave him an account of the turmoil, which the historian did not think by any means consonant with the truth. Soon after, another gentleman entered, and gave still a different, but, as Sir Walter thought, equally untrue version. Raleigh was confounded, and had nearly laid aside his task in despair, "for," said he, "when two persons so erroneously report a trivial incident which has taken place within the last hour, how should I hope to give a just account of transactions, many of which took place three thousand years ago?"

This anecdote may be true or not; but it would not be difficult to show that it is at least consistent with nature. The Duke of Sully relates one to the same purpose. After the battle of Aumale, Henry IV., being slightly wounded, retired to bed at Neufchâtel, and, calling some of his officers around him, led them to converse familiarly respecting the dangers of that day; "upon which," says Sully, "I observed as something very extraordinary, that, amongst us all who were in the chamber, there were not two who agreed in the recital of the most particular circumstances of the action." Hereupon the translator remarks, that, although there are a great number of writers and even contemporaries, who have treated of the military exploits described by Sully, no two could be found agreeing exactly in their descriptions. The same discrepancy is found in the various accounts which have been given, by parties concerned, of the flight of the royal family of France in June 1791. All of these differ considerably. Even being on different sides of the king's carriage when he stepped into it, seems to have produced irreconcilable differences in the ideas of parties as to what took place. But it is needless to multiply instances. Every one who has

ever seen a written account of any thing which he happened to witness or be concerned in, must have remarked that it contained statements, if not absolutely contrary to what he thought true, at least very considerably different from the representations which he would have given.

These differences are in some measure a result of the different point of view from which each particular individual beholds any thing that is going on, as philosophers tell us that the rainbow is different to every one beholding it, since the sun's rays are not refracted, in the eyes of any two persons, exactly in the same angle. There may be such differences, and yet the result will in the main be the same—as a rainbow must be upon the whole a rainbow to all who stand near one particular spot. But it may be otherwise. The discrepancies may be in essential points, such as give a totally different turn to the matter in question. And we are as yet supposing the witnesses to be all alike qualified to bear faithful witness. But they may chance to be prejudiced, or corrupted, or interested in giving a particular view of the event, or some of them may be of weak understanding, or at least of little power of observation; and then of course the differences from each other, and the variance of all from truth, must be much greater. The chance of such variances is increased in proportion as the event is removed from a simple incident, and assumes the character of a series of complicated political movements. We have only to consider how different are the accounts given every day by party writers, of events passing before our eyes, in order to be assured of the extreme infirmity of all such evidence.

In the composition of derived history, there is an opportunity of weighing the statements of original history against each other, and rejecting those which appear least credible, or which can by these means be proved to be false. Writing, too, at a cool distance from the events, a philosophical mind is enabled to rise above prejudiced views of the characters of individuals and of actions. But here the advantages stop. For his facts, the writer of derived history is still much at the mercy of the original authors. In his selection, he may, in rejecting the least probable, be choosing only the least true, for the true and probable, it is acknowledged, are not always one. In truth, if a selection is to be conducted on the principle of comparative credibility, we know well that the writer must often go wrong. Then, distant as he is from the events, he has also his prejudices, moral and political. These both affect his selection of facts, and introduce a strain of sentiment which may greatly affect the verity of his picture. The history of Greece, for example, has been written by Mitford and Gillies, both of them honest men, but the one of aristocratic and the other of democratic tendencies. Accordingly, in Mitford's narrative, all the greatness of Greece is ascribed to the occasional preponderance of aristocratic principles; while in that of Dr Gillies, the very opposite conclusions are arrived at.

There is another source of abundant error in derived history. Where, as is generally the case, an effort is made to form a smooth and flowing narrative, in elegant modern phraseology, the events, characters, transactions, and features of the time, all suffer a kind of translation or paraphrase, which greatly alters their character, and in many instances is attended with the effect of both suppressing the true and creating the false. No one who has not compared the elegant and sprightly historical narratives of the last and present age with the simple and homely chronicles from which they have mostly been compiled, could form any adequate idea of the perversion which history is thus made

to suffer. Sometimes a bare and rigid fact is amplified, as it were a skeleton clothed with flesh and blood. Sometimes new facts are imagined and added, in order that the only one for which there is authority may tell a little better. There is a great deal of rounding off and polishing down to make all fair, straight, and fluent. Carelessness also has its effect in bringing about alterations. Even in the change from the homely expressions of an early age to those suitable to the times of the writer, the real character of the events is falsified. We shall adduce some examples, to make our meaning plain.

In Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, the following anecdote respecting King Robert Bruce's expedition in Ireland occurs:—"One morning, the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have risked a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favoured his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. 'What is the matter?' said the king; and he was informed by his attendants that a poor woman, a laundress, or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages or means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated."

King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire. 'Ah, gentlemen,' he said, 'let it never be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians! In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler, rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating.'

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt."

So writes Sir Walter Scott. Barbour, in his heroic poem of "the Bruce," relates the story differently. Divested of the metrical form and of antiquated spelling, his account is as follows:—"There [Limerick] they lay two or three days, and then prepared again to fare [march]. And when they were all ready, the king heard a woman cry. He asked in haste what that was. 'It is the lavender, sir,' said one, 'who has just now taken her child-ill, and must be left behind us. Therefore it is she makes yon evil cheer.' The king said, 'Certes it were a pity that she should be left in that point, for I trow there is no man would not rue [have compassion on] a woman then.' He there arrested all his host, and garred a tent be soon stented; and garred her gang in hastily, and bade other women to be by her, while she was delivered; and then rode forth on his way. And before he went forth, he ordered how she should be carried [afterwards]. This

was a full great courtesy, that such a king, and so mighty, garded his men dwell in this manner, but for a poor lavender. Again northward they took their way, through all Ireland," &c.

Will it readily be believed that for the first of these stories there is not a vestige of ground in ancient narrative or chronicle, besides the circumstances narrated by Darbour! The danger incurred by stopping, the fear of the woman that if left behind she would fall into the hands of the cruel Irish, the fine look of the king and the fire which flashed from his eyes, his appeal to his officers, his resolution to risk a battle, and the happy result which after all attended his delay, are all imaginary—not to speak of the liberty which has been taken in representing the infant as already born. The old historian only expresses his surprise, natural to a man in that age, that a great king should have put himself to a little trouble on account of a poor serving-woman; but the modern historian, unable to content himself with this simple, natural, and pleasing case, must imagine new circumstances to make it tell on his own sentimental age. We do not quarrel with Sir Walter for his way of narrating the story; we acknowledge, on the contrary, that he has made it very interesting; but it is fiction, and not history, or at least what history is usually understood to be.

An elaborate inquiry instituted a few years ago by Mr George Brodie into Hume's History, brought to light a number of remarkable departures from truth in that work, partly perhaps the result of prejudice, partly of carelessness, and partly of a desire for effect, the peculiar sin of modern writers of almost all kinds. We shall not occupy the attention of our readers with many instances. Respecting the conclusion of the life of Charles I., the historian says, "Every night from his sentence till his death, the king slept sound as usual, though the noise of the workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for the execution, continually resounded in his ears." Now, the scaffold was erected at Whitehall, and it would have been necessary for the king to be lodged in that palace in order to hear these preparations making. The fact, however, is, that he lodged at St James's Palace, and did not come to Whitehall till the morning of the day of his execution. The truth is stated explicitly by Herbert, the king's attendant, in his Memoirs; which, of course, are a good authority. But Mr Hume chose to overlook this, and adopt the striking circumstance of the noise in the king's ears from Clement Walker, a much inferior authority, who certainly states it, but in the very next page contradicts it, by saying that the king walked from St James's to Whitehall that morning. Mr Brodie examined the copy of Herbert in the Advocates' Library, and recognised Mr Hume's pencil mark at this very passage; so that he must have been perfectly aware how the fact stood.

Mr Hume represents Charles II., while concealed in the oak at Boscobel, as seeing several soldiers pass by, all of them intent in search of him, and many of whom "expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him." Accordingly, the sign of the Royal Oak invariably exhibits several soldiers riding about close under the tree. The historian also represents Charles as sitting in the oak for twenty-four hours. If we are to believe the king's own narrative, he was concealed in the tree only from the early part of a day till the evening; had a companion and provisions, which Hume does not advert to; and only saw soldiers at a considerable distance searching the wood for persons escaped from the battle, and probably with no particular idea of the king in their heads. This part of Mr Hume's narrative betrays marks of great negligence, at the same time that a love of the marvellous has induced him to add some circumstances which had no existence in reality. Many of the other striking points in history, which, either from reading them or from seeing them frequently depicted by artists, we have had strongly impressed on our minds, are grounded probably on no better foundation. The parting of Louis XVI. from his family is a historical tableau, more deeply impressed perhaps on the public mind than any other event of modern history. Strange to say, no such parting took place. The Duchess D'Angoulême herself states, that, her mother having, the night before the execution, asked to be allowed to see the king again, with the children, next morning, he consented, but afterwards requested that they might not be permitted to return, as their presence afflicted him too much. This scene, therefore, which, as the Edinburgh Review remarks, "has been handled both in prose and verse, and represented in all sizes of pictures," turns out to be a fiction.

No points in history are more impressive than *motifs*, or remarkable expressions, which have dropped from the mouths of great personages on particular occasions. But we fear that very few of these would look so well as they now do, if particular inquiry were made respecting them. Philip of Valois, flying from the battle of Cressy, and arriving before the closed gates of the castle of Braye, exclaims (in history), "Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est la fortune de la France!" [Open, open, to the fortunes of France.] This sounds

well, for the dullest understanding is alive to the feeling under which the king appears to have embodied in his single person the depressed fortunes of his country. But when we turn to the first copies of Froissart, the original narrator of the incident, what do we find? Only the tame but natural exclamation of the king, "Ouvrez, ouvrez; c'est l'infortuné roi de la France." [Open, open; 'tis the unfortunate king of France.] According to all histories, Francis I. wrote to his mother from the field of Pavia, "All is lost but honour." It happens that the letter which the king really wrote on that occasion is preserved; and in it, after an account of the battle, he is found to say, "With regard to the remaining details of my misfortune, honour and life, which is safe, are all that are left to me. To know this will be some consolation in your adversity, and therefore I have begged permission [from his captor the emperor Charles] to write to you this letter," &c. It thus appears, that, instead of the pithy dispatch said to have been sent off from the battle-field, the French monarch wrote, in prison and by permission, a pretty long letter, in which the idea certainly occurs, but so accompanied, that its effect, as the quick outburst of a regal spirit in sudden adversity, is totally lost.

To take another example from French history—Henry IV., usually called The Great, is said to have written the following pithy sentence to one of his bravest nobles, after the battle of Arques:—"Hang thyself, brave Crillon; we have fought, and thou wert not there!" Now, various letters from Henry to Crillon are extant, and the expression "hang yourself" does occur in one of them; but that one was written long before the battle of Arques. Henry wrote it when carrying on the siege of Amiens. "Brave Crillon," says he, "hang yourself for not having been with me on Monday last, on one of the finest occasions which ever was seen, or probably ever will be seen. The enemy sallied out very furiously, and retreated very shamefully," &c. The letter goes on in the same style for some length. The force of the *mot* is thus sadly diminished when one reads the original, but still more is its point curtailed, when we learn that Henry was in the habit of saying "Hang yourself" to every body. It was an expression continually in his mouth, and appears in numbers of his letters to Biron, Harambure, and others of his intimates.

These, we think, are curious proofs of the misrepresentation to which events and circumstances are liable when they are reported either by persons concerned, or by those who write afterwards from original authorities. They might easily be multiplied: and we might further advert to the doubts which a little inquiry threw on the popular history of Richard III.; the cutting of eight centuries and some fifty kings from Scottish history by Innes and Pinkerton; and the more recent labours of Niebuhr, by which the early monarchy of Rome, with the laws of Romulus, and a great many other things, have been transferred from the region of the historical to that of the mythic or fabulous. It is evident that there is great reason to doubt all history which has not been rigidly inquired into; but even after all practicable inquiry has been made, there must remain great room for doubt, for it does not seem to be in human nature to give a strictly just and true account of the most familiar circumstances. It is, indeed, probable that *not one fact in the whole range of history, original and derived, is truly stated.*

Are we, from this, to argue that history is altogether useless? No, certainly. But it seems proper that the prevailing opinions respecting its utility should receive a little correction. The veneration which describes it as philosophy teaching by examples, would need to be somewhat cooled. Philosophical history has been thus described by an able hand:—"The other plan is far more comprehensive and ambitious—professing not only to make a selection of the facts most worthy to be recorded, by abridging some and dwelling at length on others, but also to pass an authoritative judgment on the wisdom or folly, the merit or demerit, of all the acts and actors with which it is conversant—to trace memorable events back to their causes, and forward to their consequences—to furnish, in short, not only a true account of the facts as they occurred, but a satisfactory theory of their connection and mutual dependency, and thus to teach far more of their true character and value than was probably known to those who produced them," &c. To think of all this being done, when, so far from a correct appreciation of motives being attainable, the simplest matters of fact cannot be found stated by any two persons in the same way! We fear the views of learned persons on this point have been a good deal overstrained; and, indeed, the world at large may be said to affirm our remark, for the dictates of this philosophical monitor are practically disregarded, or, if ever referred to, seem to different minds to sanction opposite kinds of conduct. We question if a single tolerably authentic instance could be pointed out, of one series of transactions, as recorded in history, proving the means of actuating the leading men in any other series, to the advantage of the community; while instances of their acting in apparent contradiction to the lessons, as they are called, of history, occur every day. If we were to regard history as an effort merely to satisfy curiosity respecting what has gone before, or to contribute towards that enlargement of the mind which information produces, we should be coming nearer the real measure of its

utility. Beyond this, it seems to us only to entertain, which was its first object—as is expressed by old Barbour:

"Stories to read are delectable,  
Suppose that they be nought but fable"—  
for which end it matters little whether the writer should take the better half of his facts from his own fancy, or "tell the tale as 'twas told to him."

#### RUSSEL'S AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

MR RUSSEL, a young man engaged in mercantile pursuits, having in the course of last year visited the principal ports in the Australian colonies, has on his return published a small and unpretending volume descriptive of what he actually saw and learned at the different places during his stay.\* So many books of questionable veracity have been lately written respecting these colonies in connection with emigration, that we should certainly have avoided noticing Mr Russel's production, if we had not some assurance, from a personal knowledge of the author, that his statements may be relied upon as correct, and are therefore of that nature which it may be advantageous to make widely known.

The first place to which the writer proceeded was Adelaide in South Australia, and his account of that town and its neighbourhood, as will be seen from the extracts which we shall present, is in every respect corroborative of the statements which we were lately enabled to lay before our readers on the subject.

The vessel having arrived in Holdfast Bay, on the 31st of March 1839, a party of emigrants put off for shore, with the captain, making for a landing-place pointed out to them at Glenelg, by some morning visitors. "On getting near the shore, we had smoother water, till our boat grounded, and our sailors carried us over the surf to the beach on their backs: the first ground we now touched, after being a hundred and thirty days at sea. Here were some people employed in carrying sheep on shore through the surge, from the long-boat of a vessel just arrived from Van Dieman's Land. They had much difficulty in keeping these sheep from drinking of the salt water; this, by carelessness, often proves fatal to them; the beach was strewn with many carcasses. On crossing a ridge of sand-hills, we came to a small house, beside a few sheep or cattle folds, for the accommodation of those landed here. After getting proper directions, we started for Adelaide, passing along an extensive plain, finely interspersed with trees, and presenting altogether a beautiful scene, but for the very sandy and parched look of the soil, with the grass so very thinly set on these sandy flats. Along this path lay many carcasses of sheep, on which the carrion crow, with his peculiar glossy skin, and incessant croak, was feasting. The day was very hot, and our long wait of exercise in walking rendered it rather more oppressive than we could have expected. At half way there is, as is common in older countries, a house for the accommodation of travellers, as the sign-boards are wont to read. Paid here 3s. for each bottle of porter. This we did not grudge, considering that we had seen none for some time. There was a very neat brick house getting up for better accommodation than the present one, which is quite a primitive looking affair.

As the different novelties presented themselves at every step, our party began to separate, each according to his own fancy, some taking great pains to ascertain the nature of the soil, others to gather the exotics, whilst others, more sanguinary, waged war with all and sundry of the feathered tribe, every shot sending its echo rumbling again on the ear of those hastening forwards to the city of Adelaide. In our progress we met a very communicative and pleasant person, who put us in possession of as much information regarding the settlement, as it is called, and its inhabitants, up to the present time, as could have been gleaned from a whole file of newspapers. Such sort of persons are truly invaluable. We also met accidentally with the emigration agent, who gave us what official information was necessary for land-order holders, and their work-people, how to proceed, and shortly reached Emigration Square, a number of wooden houses, put up for the reception of the commissioners' emigrants, where they remain till employment is given them; if by the commissioners, it is at a lower rate of wages than is given by private individuals. At this time, from the number of recent arrivals, it was full; and in conversation with one of them, we learned that great discontent was exhibited amongst them, arising from (as he said) the inducement held out to them before leaving Britain, of comforts awaiting their arrival, which had not been realised; besides, sickness, then existing among them, unfortunately tended to increase the disappointment; diarrhoea and ophthalmia frequently affect the newly-arrived colonist, the former caused by a free use of the water, and the latter from the reflection of the sand."

Speaking of Adelaide and its inhabitants, Mr Russel observes, "There are some very good inns in the town of Adelaide, having their sleeping-rooms generally apart from the public ones altogether, which is an excellent arrangement. There is one inn here deservedly well supported by visitors, from the style of conducting it, *a la Parisienne*, the lady gracing the head of the table; its looking-glasses and lamps, &c., giving it much the

\* A Tour through the Australian Colonies in 1839. By A. Russel. Glasgow, 1840.



appearance of the *cafés* in Paris. A great deal of information is to be gathered here on an evening from those who frequent it, of what is going on in sales, purchases, surveys, &c. There are also some extensive shops and stores, which, from the influx of strangers, present a business-like stir. Several individual instances of prosperity have already shown themselves, by attending to the advice of making hay while the sun shines. I wish I could add truly, *growing hay*, or any thing else, for the comfort of many others."

The most extraordinary circumstances connected with the town are, that it is situated about five miles from the sea-shore, and that this sea-shore is unapproachable by vessels, so that the landing of both goods and passengers is attended with the greatest difficulty and expense. It would seem as if the very worst spot on the whole line of coast had been selected for the capital of the infant colony. Speaking of the creek in which the landing is performed, Mr Russel observes, "The banks of this creek up from the anchorage to the port, a distance of about five miles, extend with muddy surface near to mid-channel in some places, making it rather difficult to navigate a ship's boat, although pilots take up craft drawing much more water. On these banks are great numbers of teal, wild-ducks, &c., all affording excellent opportunities for the sportsman, but for the difficulty of obtaining them after being killed. We grounded on a sandy shoal which lies near to the wharf, and got carried out as before to the bank, which runs down to this shoal, getting dry at low water. Here goods of every description lay waiting conveyance up to town, furniture, provisions, agricultural implements, carts, carriages, boxes and barrels, all in a heap, the owners having brought out these necessities on the faith of having plenty of good surveyed land ready to choose from, and there convey such stock and stores at once; but how different is the case at present!"

Land-jobbing, as B— and others have mentioned, is the grand object of attention:—"The system of land-jobbing is carried on here to a great extent by companies and capitalists, keeping up a constant excitement in town, which would otherwise be dull indeed. It is, in fact, the *ne plus ultra* of Adelaide conversation. Parties are to be met at their different rendezvous, talking of nothing else but their favourite *spec*. In the public room, one evening, were a few ready to dispose of sections at Port Lincoln, with a frontage for building, &c., in the proposed town, at the moderate rate of twelve hundred per cent. profit.

A party of these puffing worthies being met together, along with a few uninitiated members of the Adelaide community, one of the former in a speech was holding out the unparalleled rise in price of this splendid portion of Australian land, at the same time making offer to buy up any order at the great price, so certain was he of a still greater—(this was intended for the newspapers alone). But a person not exactly in this way of thinking was present; he immediately caught at the offer; sell out he would; buy they must, to keep up the price of shares; when, alas! on the return of some explorers, two days afterwards, disappointed in their hopes, the price of sections fell at once to below par, and defeated the Port Lincoln Hotellers.

Among the whole population now in this province (computed to be about 5000 souls), there is not yet a single farm that deserves the name. And in the only branch likely to remunerate the colonist here, namely, that of grazing, up to the present time there are just about forty-five sheep and cattle stations, a great part of these being the property of the South Australian Company, and others who have obtained special surveys, to the exclusion of single individuals of limited capital."

What, then, supports the population? Hear Mr Russel on this trying question. "One has but to look on the many houses, and the people who occupy them, generally, when the question starts itself, what supports this community? or, look at the mode of colonisation pursued at present here, and the question comes more strongly, from whence are all the people so suddenly brought together able to find returns? Really so many nice little books have been got up respecting this colony, and so few have taken notice of their fallacy, that many continue to consider them as the sentiments of the colonists; indeed I have heard some confess that they emigrated on the faith of these very publications, wherein the writers have condescended, with such apparent sincerity, to quote prices current of the neighbouring colonies as being theirs, giving the sailing distances from other settlements (this suits a purpose), the immense increase of population, &c., and then launched out in praise of its superiority to all other places, in the growth of maize, potatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, &c.; even the very natives are a superior class of beings to all others in New Holland.

With regard to crops, there is little doubt but some land will be found, as in other colonies, fit for agriculture. Up to this period, however, nothing but a few patches of ground have been turned over, by way of experiment; some maize was sown last season about the reed-beds, which did very well—some gardens in North Adelaide have produced wheat, barley, and oats; besides which, samples of the lucerne and Italian ryegrass have been grown. About two acres of land near South Adelaide were planted by the owner with potatoes; these presented such a fine and novel appearance, that a merchant offered £400 for them, which was refused; but drought came, and hurt the

expected growth exceedingly, leaving the grower minus of the offer. This is one of the greatest and most common drawbacks the farmer encounters on this vast continent, thus rendering the occupation of an agriculturist rather precarious."

The prices of articles quoted by Mr Russel are on the same exorbitant scale mentioned by B—, and need not be extracted.

Mr R. afterwards visited Port Philip, his opinion of which seems to be more favourable than of Adelaide or its neighbourhood. Meanwhile, we close our extracts with the single observation, that of all the colonies belonging to Great Britain, and claiming the notice of the emigrant, South Australia appears to be decidedly the worst. The principle on which it was founded is excellent, but the country, from all trustworthy accounts, is execrable, and unfit for receiving a large population, and against that natural misfortune no species of economic arrangement can make head. We do not by any means offer this opinion from a wish to disparage a well-designed scheme of colonisation, or to lead attention to other places as more favourable settlements. At the present moment we strongly recommend all classes of intending emigrants to wait for a short time before deciding on which shall be the land of their adoption. Nearly all our colonial possessions are at present out of sorts, and it would be difficult to say which promises to settlers the largest share of social discomfort.

#### SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING.

THE general characters of the seal, as an animal of considerable size haunting unfrequented coasts, and living much in the water, although warm-blooded and breathing the atmosphere, must be well known. There are many varieties of it—perhaps more than twenty—but it is not necessary to trace these minutely in this place. Two kinds only are found, except very rarely, on the British coasts; one being what is called the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina* of naturalists), which is generally six feet long, and the other the Great or Bearded Seal (*Phoca barbata*), which is about two, and sometimes so much as three, feet longer. The seal, in all its varieties, has one common property of a long body sloping to the hinder extremity, with two short paws or paddles in front, and two hinder and larger paws projecting straight out behind, by which appendages it swims swiftly in the water, and can even manage to walk or crawl upon land. The head is roundish, like that of some of the feline tribes, but with a countenance of mild expression, and the remarkable peculiarity of possessing no external ears; the skin over the whole body is tough, and covered all over with short bristly hair. The animal is carnivorous, and has accordingly a pair of long pointed teeth in each jaw. The tribe are ranked by naturalists as the third tribe of the *Carnivora*, which again form the third family of the order *Carnassiers* (butcher-animals) of Cuvier. Living on fish, they may be said to serve an end at sea, analogous to that which the rapacious quadrupeds and birds serve by land, namely, to keep down the abundance of the smaller animals.

Seals can remain about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour under water, while engaged in pursuit of prey; but it is necessary that they should after such intervals come to the open air, as otherwise they would be drowned. In some instances they have been known to remain about twenty-five minutes under water, without any fatal effect; but the animals which did so must have been unusually calculated for the purpose by nature or habit, like pearl-divers amongst the human race. When a seal catches a fish, it holds it in its fore paws, and with its teeth tears off the skin, after which it makes its meal. Towards other animals, the demeanour of the seal is timid and gentle. It never seeks an encounter with man, but will use every endeavour to avoid him, and only act on the offensive if it cannot otherwise make its escape. The two sexes pair, and the female brings forth one each summer, generally in some sheltered situation, as, for instance, the beach at the inner extremity of a cave which the sea enters. The young one is no sooner born than it will take to the water, and display all the activity of its seniors. The seal is gregarious, and groups of one, two, and three dozen, and sometimes many more, live and disport themselves together. They often spend many hours lying on rocks a little way out to sea, all being ranged in a close row, with their heads to the ocean, ready to tumble in on the least alarm, while one stands a little apart, like a sentinel, with head erect, and the senses in activity, to watch the approach of danger.

The brain of the seal is a well-developed organ, and the animal possesses so much intelligence and sagacity that it has been called the Dog of the Sea. It seems quite ascertained that they have a relish for music, and many successful efforts have been made to tame them. A young one, taken into human society, instead of exhibiting symptoms of terror, will court attention, and suck a finger held out to it, like many domestic animals. It is related of a seal domesticated in Orkney, that he would lie near the fire among the dogs, would bathe daily and return to the house, but, having found his way to the byre, he used to steal there unobserved and suck the cows; on which account he was discharged, and sent back to his native element. Another, of the bearded or great kind, which was taken from a cave in Shetland, when only a few hours old, became in a day or two as much attached to its

captor as a dog. "The varied movements and sounds," says this gentleman, "by which he expressed delight at my presence and regret at my absence were most affecting; these sounds were as like as possible to the inarticulate tones of the human voice."

The same gentleman captured a female six weeks old, also of the great or bearded kind. "This individual would never allow herself to be handled but by the person who had the charge of her; yet even she soon became comparatively familiar. It was amusing to see how readily she ascended the stairs, which she often did, intent, as it seemed, on examining every room in the house; on showing towards her signs of displeasure or correction, she descended more rapidly and safely than her awkwardness seemed to promise. She was fed from the first on fresh fish alone, and grew and fattened considerably. We had her carried down daily in a handbarrow to the sea-side, where an old excavation admitting the salt water was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment, but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairmen, she would of her own accord mount her palanquin, and thus be carried as composedly as any Indian princess. By degrees we ventured to let her go fairly into the sea, and she regularly returned after a short interval; but one day, during a thick fall of snow, she was imprudently let off as usual, and, being decoyed some distance out of sight of the shore by some wild ones which happened to be in the bay at the time, she either could not find her way back, or voluntarily decamped. She was, we understood, killed very shortly after in a neighbouring inlet. We had kept her about six months, and every moment she was becoming more familiar; we had dubbed her Finna, and she seemed to know her name." Mr Frederick Cuvier, in a work published in 1824, says, "I have lately had occasion to witness a seal which displayed much intellectual power. He did punctually what he was ordered. If desired to raise himself on his hind legs, and to take a staff in his hands, and act the sentinel, he did so: he likewise, at his keeper's bidding, would lie down on his right side, or on his left, and would tumble head over heels. He would give you either of his paws when desired, and would extend his sweet lips to favour you with a kiss."

The skin of the seal is convertible to useful purposes, and underneath it he has a layer of blubber, from which a considerable quantity of oil can be obtained. Without regard, then, to his flesh, which used to be eaten in some northern countries, he is an object of some importance to man. Seal-hunting was once practised to a great extent in Norway. It is now followed as a regular branch of trade by vessels which proceed for the purpose from America, both to the Arctic regions and to the South Sea Islands, but particularly the latter. From Great Britain, also, a few vessels sail annually to Greenland for the same purpose. A particular kind of seal in the South Sea is more than usually valuable, on account of the goodly coat of fur with which he is covered.

In Shetland seal-hunting is followed partly as an amusement, and partly with a view to profit; and the various modes in which it is carried on, give occasion for the exercise of much ingenuity, and for much lively adventure. We find some interesting particulars on the subject in the paper by Dr Edmondston, already quoted, that gentleman being himself a great seal-hunter. One mode of the sport was to beset the caves in which the pairs live at the time of the birth of their offspring.

"The caves to which the Great Seal resorted, are arched perforations in the precipices open to the sea, and extending inwards sometimes upwards of a hundred fathoms, terminating in pebbly beaches, on which the young were born and nursed. Some of these caves can only be entered under water, like the one in the Friendly Islands described by Mariner, and immortalised by Byron; and others are too winding and narrow to admit of access. When the entrance was sufficiently capacious, the sea smooth, and the seals were known to have brought forth, two boats proceeded to the cave; the one lay at the mouth; the other, attached to its second by a line sufficiently long to reach to the extremity of the tunnel, pushed inwards. On reaching the beach, some of the crew leaped out and knocked on the head as many of the old ones as they could, the rest escaping to the sea, without attempting to defend their young ones, who were then dispatched at leisure. On such occasions, from ten to twenty young ones were sometimes taken from one cave; the booty belonged to the owners of the property in which the caves were situated, and a portion of it was assigned as a reward to the captors. These caves, or *Helliers* as they are here termed, were at one time held in strict property, and highly valued; and formal deeds of conveyance of them, as well as of fowling, were occasionally made, one of which I have seen.

Seals were also at all seasons sought for and surprised on the rocks. A curious anecdote was related to me in Faroe of a native assailant, on the rocks, a male of the Great Seal, but not being able to detain

\* Observations on the Distinctions, History, and Hunting of Seals in the Shetland Islands. By Lawrence Edmondston, M.D. Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society, vol. viii. part I. 1823.

him, actually got astride on his back, endeavouring to behead him at the gallop, and slipped out of the stirrups hardly in time to allow his *Barb*, mortally wounded, to take his leap, all alone, into the water. Lucas Debes, the old historian of those remote isles, and Donald Maclean, in his account of one of the Hebrides, make mention of the practice of hunting seals with dogs; the services of which, however, could amount only to irritating them to resistance, and thus, by detaining them a little, to gain time to the hunter to attack them with the club, for the strength of any dog is utterly trifling compared with that of a seal of ordinary size.

Within even the last twenty years, both species of seals have become much more rare and cautious, so that the net and the gun remain almost the only means of capture. In a few districts the net is employed for taking the Common Seal, by being set near the rocks frequented by them, while they are absent, and lying in wait till they again approach the shore, but it is chiefly used for catching the Great Seal. The dimensions of the net are about fifteen fathoms long and five broad, the meshes are nine inches square, and it is made of strong cod-line. When the seals are suspected to have brought forth in a cave, the net is rapidly and silently dropped across the entrance. A man holding a rope attached to its upper ends is placed on each side, on some convenient pinnacle of rock that affords footing. Sometimes, from the shelving of the sides of the cave, the net cannot easily close it, and in this case the men hold each a long pole, with a bunch of straw or other substance at the end, keeping it constantly in motion under water, to deter the animal from escaping by means of this vulnerable part of the line of siege. When all is secured, the boat proceeds inwards as far as possible, and by firing and hallooing the men endeavour to induce the seals that may be in the cave to venture out. "This they soon attempt, and are consequently caught in the net. When fairly enveloped in the net, or *masked*, as it is called, the capture is considered secure. The power of the animal is constrained, and even were it not, he has to lift a mass of wet net, with heavy weights attached, to the surface, every time he attempts to respire: only the largest and most powerful can accomplish this; but when he does, or when the water is so shallow as to render it easy, he is shot. Generally he cannot rise, and all that remains to be done is to wait patiently for his death by drowning. From the boat he may be seen making vain efforts to tear the net with his teeth, rolling on the bottom, now and then desperately struggling to disengage himself, and constantly looking up with a most striking expression of defiance and upbraiding at the boat, which he knows contains the agents of his sufferings." He dies in about a quarter of an hour.

This mode of hunting seals is characterised by Dr Edmondston as barbarous and exterminating, and he professes greatly to prefer trusting to ingenuity in approaching the seals, and skill in marking them down with the gun. But he shows it to be no easy sport. The animal is uncommonly tenacious of life. Unless hit in a decidedly mortal part, it will be apt to baffle the huntsman. It is quite impossible to hit it when looking straight in the face, for it has a trick of shying aside at the moment of firing, which never fails to protect it from harm. "One might think," he says, "that so bulky an animal could hardly contrive, at perhaps twenty or thirty yards, to get so rapidly all his body out of the course of the ball: perhaps guns that shoot wide of the mark would have the best chance of defeating the intention of this manoeuvre."

If the seal have sunk, "and if the water be deep, and the bottom covered with sea-weed, we have a new class of difficulties by no means superficial to contend with, and a new source of excitement commences. Two important auxiliaries, the water-glass and the kiam, are now put in requisition. The former is simply a large tub with a pane of glass fitted water-tight in its bottom; the tub is immersed an inch or so in the water, and by means of this instrument we can see tolerably clearly from six to sixteen fathoms down, seldom more; for clear water is with us still more rare than a clear atmosphere. Many a time have I wished for those limpid waters of the North Cape, where, as travellers tell us, halibut and herring may be seen twenty fathoms deep playing at hide-and-seek amongst the submarine jungles. The use of the water-glass seems to arise from its power of preventing the rays of light proceeding through it from the bottom from being affected by any agitation on the surface. After often a long and fatiguing search, the object is discovered, and the kiam is had recourse to. This is a gigantic kind of forceps of peculiar construction, attached to two lines, one of which is to suspend it, the other to guide the blades; it is directed to its object by means of its helmpate the water-glass; the jaws close on the seal, and he is quickly hauled to the surface.

But all this will not ensure success in the seal-hunt. It is not enough to be a good shot, to be well armed and supplied with every equipment; the sportsman must also be intimately acquainted with the habits of the animal, and possess great experience and address to avail himself of this knowledge. Many curious devices are put in practice to allure him within shot, and much patience and sagacity to steal upon him unperceived. Often we range along many miles of coast without meeting with a single seal; but our wanderings are through scenery the most ma-

jestic. Who that has ever looked upon them can forget these 'naked' and primitive isles of the Northern Atlantic—their melancholy moors and lonely valleys—their stupendous precipices and foaming surges, lowering clouds and rushing malströms, where the ancient lullaby of the infant Viking was the hurricane, and his play-ground the ocean. In these wild and sequestered solitudes, unbroken by the tumults of faction and the inroads of civilisation, is to be found that untrammelled freedom about which philosophers reason, and poets sing; and it is well to refresh ourselves, in this agitated period of the march of matter, with those pure and ennobling sentiments which the presence of Nature in her sublimer aspects is calculated to inspire. If the fox-hunter has counties to scour, we have islands; if we want his woodlands and rivers, we have our rocks and ocean; instead of chargers, we have boats the finest in the world, combining symmetry, safety, and celerity. Our dogs are far superior in definite attachment and versatile intelligence to the machines of the pack; if we do not enjoy the pleasure of breaking our necks in leaping hedges, we can yet prove our mortality by capering over precipices, breasting billows, and ploughing breakers; no spring-guns, fierce keepers, or game laws, restrict the freedom of our coursing; whatever we behold, either on the land or the water, we can approach. I have repeatedly had for half an hour, under aim of an unerring gun, a seal lying within forty yards of me, and could not find it in my heart to fire; yet I had enjoyed all the enthusiasm of the hunt up to the moment of slaying, and this unalloyed pleasure in addition, of quietly observing the drowsy Triton reposing on his ocean rock, like an ancient Sea-King in his stronghold of plunder, when, withdrawing the finger from the trigger, I started him from his slumbers by a warning shout that sent him plunging into his native element, with a strong consciousness of his danger, and I hope a grateful sense of my forbearance. Taking it altogether, it is a soul-stirring hunt; the game is a noble one; his size, power, activity, sagacity, and vigilance, the slippery element in which he is pursued, presenting enough of dangers to face, and difficulties to overcome. The ingenious stratagems and judicious arrangements to ensure his capture, the rugged grandeur of the scenery of his favourite retreats, present a combination that includes every thing essential that charms us in the chase."

#### LYRICS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.\*

THESE volumes must come upon the general public, as they have come upon us, with the startling effect of a voice from the grave. The name of Captain Charles Morris is associated with the early history of George IV., and with many popular songs, but for forty years he has not in any way given the world reason to believe that he was a living man. We had long concluded respecting him, that he was a dead bard, when in the summer before last he surprised us by appearing in the obituaries of the newspapers, with the age of ninety-three attached to his name. The present publication, in which his best pieces appear for the first time in a collected form, may be said to be a consequence of his recent demise.

Charles Morris was born in a district called the Debateable Land, near Longtown, on the 18th of May 1746. His father was an officer in the army,

"whose naked sword,  
Earn'd the poor pittance of his daily board."

The son also entered the army, and in the course of time rose to a captaincy in the Life-Guards. Of his first introduction to the Prince of Wales, we have no account before us; but it is well known that Captain Morris became a great favourite at Carlton House, and continued so for many years. As he advanced in life, having, as he says, "left the field for the haunts of the Muse," he appears to have fallen into pecuniary distress, from which he was relieved partly by the bounty of the Prince Regent, and partly by the generosity of another old friend, the Duke of Norfolk. The latter was moved to this act of kindness by an appeal from John Kemble, performed in impromptu blank verse after dinner. In a charming retreat, on the Norfolk estates in Surrey, Captain Morris passed the greater part of his green and vigorous old age, scarcely touched by any of the usual grievances of decaying mortality. Many years ago, Curran had said to him, "Die when you will, Charles, you will die young;" and the acute Irishman was a true prophet.

We confess that we have been much pleased, or rather pleasantly disappointed, by a great part of the contents of the volumes now given to the public by the friends of this veteran of the lyre. From an indistinct recollection of one or two of the songs of Captain Morris, it was our impression that his effusions were too deeply tinged with Bacchanalianism to be readable. But although many of the songs do bestow a most objectionable degree of praise on conviviality, there is little grossness in the manner of doing it; and so many re-

flections, full of an amiable and kindly wisdom, are mixed up with the most of the pieces, that you can at once discern them to have their origin in a vein of cheerful sociality, and not to spring from a spirit of exulting intemperance. Gentle, indeed, is the Bacchanal who thus chants:—

For me, I shun what stirs the breast  
Of proud and busy man,  
Those fruits that leave the soul unblest,  
And mock life's little span.  
I cull not in those joyless fields  
A crop of weeds and woe,  
But pick the flowers that nature yields,  
And seek them where they grow.  
No wealth to me is worth a sigh,  
But pure responsive love,  
And man can neither bribe nor buy  
That blessing from above:  
From nature's heavenly hand it flows,  
Not dealt by earthly will—  
The balmy plant for human woes,  
Unforced by human skill.

I ask but sprightly hope at morn,  
To wake at night my glee;  
A life of health, through honour borne,  
With love and liberty.  
While fate these precious gifts supplies,  
Which heaven ne'er meant to part,  
High shall my mantling goblet rise,  
And grateful beat my heart.

There is more of the spirit of Horace in our author than in any poet perhaps in the English language; and this is a bold saying, though spoken advisedly. He resembles the Roman both in his qualities of heart and intellect; and, indeed, he admits again and again that he ever took the Latin lyricist as his preceptor and guide.

In childhood I prattled about him,  
In youth he was ever my charm,  
In manhood I ne'er stirred without him,  
In age he lies under my arm.

There is much, for example, of the style of thinking and writing of the old Latin bard in the following lines, entitled

#### EXPERIENCE.

Oh! argue not with me, my friend,  
On my gay course of living;  
I take what'er the gods will send,  
And send them my thanksgiving.  
I try to relish well the grace  
Their mercies offer to me;  
And ready meet, in every case,  
All favours that they do me.

My tongue derides no moral thought,  
No ribald themes now stir it;  
For vice, I know, has never brought  
True joy to mortal spirit.  
Within, a guard of honour lies,  
That ever now instructs me:  
To him I turn my doubting eyes,  
And safely he conducts me.  
I've seen, when view'd the course of guilt,  
How end those who begin it,  
Well know o'er shame's abyss it's built,  
For fools to tumble in it.  
I've seen how vainly, night and morn,  
Experience shows her lesson;  
How rashly vice, in wisdom's scorn,  
Still seeks from sin a blessing.

Then think not that a man who hath  
This proof to guide his rambles,  
Will deviate from life's fairest path,  
And stray 'mid thorns and brambles.  
Think not a heart past youth will yield  
The truths experience taught it;  
Or throw aside a holy shield,  
That age hath kindly brought it.  
No!—trust me, 'midst my cheerful day,  
A sacred spirit guides me;  
A holy limit bounds my way,  
And duty still decides me.  
This prunes my frolic Muse's wing,  
Corrects my fancy's power;  
Still cheers my bosom, as I sing,  
And charms my jovial hour.

Then cease, my friend, your pious zeal;  
You say you're grave and pensive;  
To hearts thus form'd the sad to feel,  
We know the gay's offensive.  
But were't not better, in this case,  
You joy from me should borrow,  
Than I should shift my happy days,  
To mope, with you, in sorrow.

If we have found comparatively little offence, particularly as regards the spirit and intention, in the festive lays of Charles Morris, justice requires that we should say the same of the songs that relate to other subjects. There is no single word in these volumes to call up a blush or a frown on the cheek of beauty and virtue. How pure, for example, is the following specimen, entitled

#### THE POWER OF LOVE.

No damp that mortal reason throws  
Can quench that love's celestial beam;  
For ever on the breast it glows,  
And freshens still in memory's stream.  
Through all the varied scenes we see,  
Through all the joys and toils we share,  
However coloured life may be,  
The tender tint is ever there.  
Do time and space at distance fling  
Love's weakened hopes, though faintly fed?—  
Still to the dying heart they cling,  
And drop not till the life be dead.

Not less pure and finished are the following lines, in advice to one who complained of unrequited af-

\* "Lyra Urbanica." (The Urban Lyre), by Captain C. Morris. 2 vols. Richard Bentley. London, April 1840.



fection. The stanza placed in italics seems to us exquisite.

What can I say to mend thy fate?  
Thy spirits how replace?  
How ease thy breast from sorrow's weight,  
And brighten nature's face?  
Man's only art is to persuade  
With reason's chastening power,  
And well I know its feeble aid  
In passion's agonised hour.  
'Tis not on earth thy hope must rest,  
But from above must flow;  
That magic cord for the breast,  
Man cannot mix below.  
Turn, then, to Heaven thy aching brain;  
Implore a grace divine;  
Rave not at what the fates ordain,  
Nor doubt their just design.  
*Safe is the trust and fair the plea,  
When sorrow seeks the skies;  
And sweet the holy hope must be  
From power where mercy lies.*  
The hand that binds can 'like restrain  
Thy darken'd bosom's strife,  
And throw around thy days again  
The light of joy and life.

Already, we believe, the reader will be disposed to admit that Charles Morris was no common table-poet, many as were the effusions—too many, certainly—which he dedicated to convivial matters. But what pleases us most about these volumes, is the fine, healthy, happy spirit of the old man, who cheered his declining years with the harmless society of the muse. The subjoined piece is a specimen at once of this spirit, and a remarkable proof of the entirety of the writer's faculties in his octogenarian days.

#### THE BARD'S SPECULATIONS.

I'm now turn'd of eighty,  
But not dull or weighty;  
Though fancy perhaps more in shade is;  
I've spirits yet strong  
For a glass and a song,  
And a gay little muse for the ladies.  
My rusty old croak  
Father Time has not broke,  
Though foe to sweet singing's profession:  
To the harsh and the rough  
He seems tender enough,  
And has left me most ample possession.  
  
Perhaps, ne'er before  
You saw one of fourscore  
A fanciful light-hearted fellow;  
But I've liv'd from my birth  
Mid the blossoms of mirth,  
And they are not yet faded and yellow.  
Spleen's pestilential shade  
Never cover'd my head,  
In a world where there's friendship and beauty;  
And this mixture to soothe,  
Turns all rough into smooth,  
And sweetens my heart in its duty.  
  
The best prize that I know,  
In life's lottery below,  
Is to scorn all lamenting and wailing;  
Whate'er be our lot,  
To taste well what we've got,  
And sin not by thankless repining.  
This was ever my creed,  
And you'll see here indeed  
A strong proof that it's pleasant and healthy;  
Here I sit, as appears,  
Where I've sat fifty years,  
And outlived all the woeful and wealthy.

Such is the cheerful strain in which the veteran sang at eighty. The following verses are in one respect even more remarkable, being part of a still more recent address to the members of the Beef-steak Club of London, a society including, in spite of the odd plainness of its designation, many of the most distinguished men of the day among its members. This club, of which Captain Morris was long an ornament, begged him, "then on the verge of ninety years of age, to appear once more among them before he quitted the world." He not only did so, but showed by his verses on the occasion that the muse which had so long enlivened their board was not yet dumb.

Well, I'm come, my dear friends, your kind wish to obey,  
And drive, by light mirth, all life's shadows away;  
To turn the heart's sighs to the throbbings of joy,  
And a grave aged man to a merry old boy.

So he commences, but mixed emotions crowd on him as he proceeds:

When I look round this board, and recall to my breast  
How long here I sat, and how long I was blest,  
In a mingled effusion, that steals to my eyes,  
I sob o'er the wishes that life now denies.

How many bright spirits I've seen disappear,  
While fate's lucky lot held me happily here!  
How many kind hearts and gay bosoms gone by,  
That have left me to mingle my mirth with a sigh!

But whate'er be the lot that life's course may afford,  
Or how'er fate may chequer this over-loved board,  
Still the memory of pleasure brings sorrow relief,  
And a ray of past joy ever gleams o'er the grief.

And still in your presence more brightly it glows;  
Here high mount my spirits, where always they rose;  
Here a sweet mingled vision of present and past  
Still blesses my sight, and will bless to the last.

Thus sang the veteran at ninety. It is impossible to think hardly of this fine old relic of the past, though we may regret, to a certain extent, the manner in which he has applied his powers. But let those who peruse his convivial lays keep in mind the hearty ancient himself, and remember that, without practical temperance, he would never have tasted the health of mind and body which characterised his age—and then will all danger be obviated that might flow from the misinterpretation of his theoretical precepts.

With regard to his merely poetical merits, Charles Morris is a specimen of another age. The poets of our day cultivate imagery to the exclusion of sense and meaning. He has scarcely one similitude in his poems. He can be poetical both in thought and language, but his main object is to express himself pointedly and clearly, without any array of illustrative images or similes. He is the English Horace. Of modern bards, he most resembles Moore and Beranger, but is less polished in diction than either, though he equals them in terseness, point, and vigour.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### "EITHER."

THE meaning of the word "either" has frequently been misunderstood by writers. Its proper signification is "one or the other," and we believe it is an abridgement of these words, in the same manner as "neither" is a contraction of "not the one nor the other." Notwithstanding this obviously true signification of "either," the word has often been used as a synonyme for "each." The translators of the Bible in the seventeenth century appear to have begun this misuse of "either." For example, they have written, "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer." It is quite clear that in this, as in other instances, *either* is used improperly, or in place of *each*. Hale and Dryden have fallen into a similar error, which, however, is so far from being checked by Johnson in his Dictionary, that from their misuse of the word he has given *each* and *both* as equivalent to *either*. Todd, the modern editor of Johnson, notices and condemns the error. Among careful writers of English, "either" has never, as far as we know, been misapprehended or misapplied; and it is only lately that a practice of substituting it for "each" has been conspicuous. In almost every work which has recently issued from the press, "either" has been misapplied. Such passages as the following are common: "the courtiers stood on either hand of royalty," "on a pillar at either side of the gateway," "the chairs were ranged on either side of the room," "castles frown from mountain peaks on either side of the river," and so on; in all which cases *each* is meant, not a choice of one or the other as the reader pleases. As there is a fashion in using words, this malappropriation of *either* will probably run its course, and be in due time restored to its correct signification.

##### THE PERRYIAN INK-STAND.

This is a remarkably ingenious and useful contrivance. Ink exposed in open stands, or stands with common lids, as is well known, soon gets thick, on account of the evaporation of the fluid particles, and hence fresh ink has to be frequently supplied. The inventor of the Perryian stand has completely remedied this rather annoying defect. His stand is a round glass of about two inches high and the same diameter, fitted with a flat brass top. In this top there is a small funnel, with its mouth exposed, and its lower point sunk in the ink within. Close by this funnel there is a knob, forming the top of a screw, and this screw penetrates below the cover into the empty space above the ink. By depressing the screw two or three twists, the air in the vessel is compressed, and so forces the ink to rise to the mouth of the funnel, where it remains for use. If we wish to make the ink disappear from the funnel, we have only to twist the screw in a contrary direction, when, the pressure being removed, it immediately sinks. Thus the ink is perfectly obedient to the action of the screw, and may be caused to remain at any height in the funnel, according to the depth to which we wish to dip our pen. When done writing, it is proper to lower the ink, and therefore when not in use it is no way exposed to atmospheric influence. We esteem this toy-like ink-holder as a curious specimen of the inventive faculty of the age, as respects the improvement of small comforts.

##### SUPERSTITION.

The following paragraph, from a late number of a Norwich newspaper, is offered for consideration:—

"The following act of barbarity and superstition is practised in this city. Children who are sickly are taken to a woman for the purpose of being cut for a supposed disease called the *spinnye*. The infants are on a Monday morning taken to this woman, who, for three pence, with a pair of scissors cuts through the lobe of the right ear, then makes a cross with the blood upon the forehead and breast of the child. On the following Monday the same barbarous ceremony is performed upon the left ear, and on the succeeding Monday the right ear is again doomed to undergo the

same ceremony. In some cases it is deemed necessary to perform the ridiculous operation nine times."

We are informed by a private correspondent that it is not the lower classes alone who are chargeable with the above and similar follies. Last winter, a medical gentleman, on being called to attend a respectable family in the place, found that the children were about to partake of a *roasted mouse* as a cure for hoop-cough.

#### STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."  
ST PAUL.

##### DEBT AND DANGER.

###### PART I.

THE scene of our story opens in a venerable but decayed hall in the ancient family mansion of the O'Rourke. A massive table of carved oak was covered or rather heaped with parchments, dog-collars, writs, new snaffle-bits, account-books, whips, spurs, letters opened and unopened, and various specimens of minerals. The pictures were covered with dust, as, indeed, was every thing in the room; and spiders mingled their tracery with the rich mouldings of the ceiling. The principal living figure in this melancholy scene was a young man, D'Arcy O'Rourke, who sat in the chair which his ancestors had filled for many generations. The only other character was Lanty Lurgan, the last retainer of the house, and the faithful attendant of his young master. What was the object of the young gentleman's thoughts, will be guessed from the following animated discussion:—

"I tell ye I must have it, Lanty."

"Well, but, mather, honey, wont ye listen to reason?"

"What has reason to do with the matter?"

"True for ye, Mather D'Arcy," replied Lanty Lurgan, with peculiar emphasis.

"Mind, then, that I hear no more about reason; but tell Murphy I'll pay him for the horse."

"Whin, Mather D'Arcy?"

"When it's convenient."

Lanty Lurgan shook his head.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the young squire, looking himself as angry as his good-natured handsome face would permit. "Lanty, you're not worth the toss of a bad halfpenny to a fellow."

"Maybe not," said Lanty.

"You've no management in you."

"Not now, sure enough, Mather D'Arcy," was Lanty's reply.

"What do you mean by 'not now'?" inquired his master.

"Just, thin, because there's nothing left me to manage," said Lanty, having, before he made this declaration, taken the precaution to get at a sufficient distance from his irritable young master, to prevent any personal chastisement for his frankness, to which he had a particular dislike.

D'Arcy O'Rourke seized the bootjack that stood near him, and was in the act of flinging it at his old retainer as he half stood half crouched behind a high-backed chair; but, apparently struck by some cheerful reminiscence, he suddenly burst out into laughter. "Come out of your hiding-hole, old boy," he exclaimed; "come along; I did you injustice—for no half ruined vagabond in or out of Ireland had ever a more faithful follower."

"I was born to it," said the old man pathetically, while at the same time his eyes beamed tenderly on the thoughtless creature, whom, as a child, he had often carried in his arms; and pausing, he added, "God bless you, Mather D'Arcy; but whin ye smile, I think it's yer father stands *forment* me."

"I wish to God he was alive now," observed the young man, earnestly. "He could advise me."

"He was always a fine hand at that," said the servant. "A mighty fine hand he was at the talking always; but, poor dear gentleman, he never practised what he *praiched*. Many's the time I've heard him tell that same Murphy's father, that wont let yer honour have the horse, 'Remember, Mike, to keep out of DEBT; for wherever there's debt, there's DANGER.'"

"Agh!" said the young squire, "so he really refused you the horse, did he?"

"Bedad he did, sir."

"Lanty, did you say any thing to him about a bill at four or six months?"

"Plaise yer honour, I did."

"And what did the rascal say to that?"

"Plaise ye, Mather D'Arcy, he said it was no good, for the last you gave him has been renewed six times, and the horse is all he has to depend on for his rint."

"He lies!" exclaimed the young squire, rising; "it was only renewed three—no, four times."

The old servant shook his head.

"I tell you, Lanty, it was but four times. Look—once, of course."

"Ov course, that's only in reason," observed Lanty.

"Well, the second time was when that infernal scoundrel the wine-merchant made me pay for the pipe of claret that was drunk before I was born."

"A vagabone thrick, for sure him and his brother and his wife and children had always three months' pleasure, any way, for intherost (though it was always added on to every fresh acceptance), and the run of the house, and shootin' and fishin' in the *presences*, which, God be good to yer honour's father, war common to the country, as long as they gave fair play and liberty to the foxes. Oh, he was the heart's blood of a second, to put an ould friend's son to trouble for sich a thrille."

"Well, that was twice," said the squire, when Lanty had brought his reminiscence to a close. "A third time?"

"Whin yer honour was in keepin'," said the old servant, seeing his master at fault.

"Ay, I remember that; that was decent of Murphy, for I was in trouble then, and he would not press me. I should have remembered that, Lanty," added the young squire, with one of those just impulses which spring up in every human breast; it may be to be instantly uprooted, or it may be to flourish. But with such as D'Arcy O'Rourke, the most common end is suffocation, from the pressure of other impulses of a more agreeable kind. "I should have remembered that, Lanty," he repeated, "and when I did not, you should have told me of it."

"Please yer honour, it's hard to get spakin' with ye; whin trouble's plinty, why, thin, ye toss it away, though the best way is to look into it. A bit of common paper often thickens into a parchment for want of attention."

"Well said, old boy. The fourth time?"

"The fourth time ye pledged yer honour ye'd take it up that day three months!"

The colour deepened on the young man's cheek. "Well, well, never mind; I suppose, as usual, *he is right and I am wrong*."

"The fifth time, Master D'Arcy," persisted the old servant, heedless of his master's peevishness, "the fifth time, ye may remember ye had the money ready, but you broke into it to save James Sturgeon of the Forge from ruin. Don't you mind—his wife and the children was turned out, and the things begun selling, whin you saved them; and sure the hape of blessings you got for that same through the country has reached the heavens long ago. Even Murphy himself said, 'Well, Master D'Arcy has the heart of an Irish king in his bosome, any way, though he did take my money to do it with.'"

"His money! What did the fellow mean by that?"

"Why," answered Lanty, with Irish sophistry, "he had but yer bills, sir, till the fifth, but this he had yer honour."

"I tell you what," said the squire, with the sad and most pernicious principle which the dangerous wit of a Sheridan stamped into an English saying, "I tell you what, Justice is a hobbling beldame, which, for the life of me, I cannot get to keep pace with Generosity."

"More's the pity," said Lanty, not understanding fully his master's meaning; "more's the pity, for Murphy had depended that turn intirely upon yer honour, and has never been the man *he was since*, which is the reason of his refusing the horse. And by the same token the sixth time he was disappointed, his mother and wife war down in the fever, and—"

"Lanty," interrupted the young man, almost fiercely, "Lanty, you are an old fool, and say things on purpose to torture me. But the spirit is right in me to-day, Lanty Lurgan; and any man might insult me who pleased."

"Thin, by St Patrick!" exclaimed the servant, with true Irish zest, "I'll take the horse for yer honour."

This violent outbreak, and strong language, roused the squire into a hearty laugh; but the boisterous mirth soon subsided, as it does—or more frequently changes into bitterness—when we have assisted at the formation of our own troubles; and he subsided into a deep fit of musing.

Lanty Lurgan was one of a class of Irish servants who, however privileged, never intrude. He could not bear to leave his young master, as he would himself have expressed it, "alone wid the trouble," but he had too much good taste to appear to watch his excitement; he therefore busied himself at the "far corner," settling a place for the pet pups, the craythurs, that would be more natural in the kennel, only *it's fallen in*. And addressing a long confidential, and apparently interesting conversation, to their mother, an aged but beautiful long-eared spaniel called "Chloe," who, having had the luck to lose one eye, was entirely consigned to her maternal duties, ever and anon both servant and spaniel directed a sidelong glance towards their master, and then, as if by mutual consent, looked at each other.

The room and its occupants would have formed a mournful picture. There was the singularly handsome young man, seeming to all appearance more young than he really was, bowed down by the pressure of circumstances which he had then no means to alter, and which he had assisted in accumulating, without thinking of consequences that now weighed him to the very earth. His fine features were shaded by his hand from that light which he did not wish to witness his struggles, and yet their action was sufficiently marked by the convulsive efforts he made to restrain his feeling, which, though evanescent, were powerful in the extreme. The chamber, with its mingled furniture of the shreds and patches of old nobility, and

the positive misery of the present, was in itself sadness; and the old servant, lingering like the last leaf of autumn on a blasted tree, was another link to bind the heart to the sufferer, whose misfortunes originated in the errors of his ancestors. Stung by some sudden remembrance more bitter than the last, D'Arcy sprang to his feet, and encountered the gaze of his humble friend.

"And you too, you watchin' me! I suppose you are bribed by my good friend the sheriff, or my kind friend Mr Driscoll the attorney. But I'll be watched by none of you, Mister Lanty Lurgan. I'll betray myself; I'll give myself up at once, and let the fag end of what was once the principality of the D'Arcy and the O'Rourke go to—*for ought I care*. Only mind this, old man, I'll not be watched. Do you hear?"

"God knows I do, Master D'Arcy; but how can I help it! Didn't I watch yer father from the first minute he made a horse of the big dog Bran, until I shouted for his coming of age, and joined the cry at his funeral! And didn't I watch you, God bless you! though you have scalded the heart in the ould man's breast, with raw and bitter words—didn't I watch you in long-clothes, and out of long-clothes?—didn't I button on yer first jacket!—tache ye to load a pistol!—and drink a glass of whisky, before ye war ten years' ould, to the face of the Lord Lieutenant, whin he paid yer honour's father the visit—and didn't this lordship say he never see the like of it before! Didn't I go with ye to college, for fear you wouldn't be comfortable!—have I ever left you, by day or night, sleepin' or walkin'!—oh! Master D'Arcy, haven't I been thrue to ye!—to be sure, I could not help that—and been fond of ye—but I could not help that either! Ye may kill your poor ould slave, if you like, Master D'Arcy, honey; but I can't help watchin' you—I can't, indeed. Wife and childre, and all, is gone from me off the face of the earth—all, but the *mighty blessin'*, the master's son. While there's light in my eyes, it will settle on you, Master D'Arcy; and for no harm, sir—for no harm." The old man's voice faltered, and he turned to the window, weeping. In an instant the rapid current of his young master's feelings turned. Lanty felt the pressure of his hand upon his shoulder, and looked up; there was moisture in his large blue eyes.

"Lanty, forgive me—forgive me. I did not mean it; you can forgive me—can you not! I have no one to speak to here, now—no one who understands me; it seems to do me good to vent my feelings—it relieves my heart. If I could only give some of those law fellows a—a—good thrashing, I should be as happy and cheerful as a prince! that I should; but it is cowardly to vent my humours on you."

"I'd not hear yer inimy say that," said the old servant, smiling; "but abuse me to dirt, master, honey, if it aises yer heart. I'd stand a bating, too, sir, if it would do you any good. What else are old bones like mine fit for?"

"No more of this, Lanty," answered his young master; "I am the wayward son of a wayward race, whose race is almost run. I despise myself, and am despised by others." "You are not," said Lanty.

"No one in the country would give me credit."

"Oh! that's another thing," said Lanty; "but they'd all give yer honour a welcome."

"Old Ireland always gives that."

"Thrue for yer honour; and whin this present debt and danger is got rid of, things will go on well again."

"Look at that table," answered the young man; "there are debts there that would swallow up half a dozen estates like mine. But the end is come!"

Lanty had so often heard the son, father, and grandfather say this, that he did not exactly believe it. The country had cried out at intervals that the D'Arcy O'Rourkes were ruined, during the last forty years; and so the old man wished to hope in spite of hope, and only said, "I'm sure, thin, yer honour would die game—keep the balliffs off to the last!"

"I don't know—only this, Lanty," it was very bad of me to give a thought to Murphy's horse; I hate myself for it. I only wanted it, and, as usual, did not think; and that plan of long credit is always uppermost in a young fellow's mind, when once he gets used to it—it's our ruin. So tell him to keep his horse, and that I hope when he sells it he will take ready money, and nothing else. When I look back at the things I have done, the meannesses I have been guilty of, to prop not so much a sinking credit, but an extravagant habit, I feel as if I could shoot myself, or any man who did the same."

Opposite to where D'Arcy O'Rourke sat was hung one of those old carved glasses, wreathed around with flowers, Cupids, and bows. Dusty though it was, he could see his own reflection in the spotted and worn surface; there was the high, brave, manly brow, the bright blue eye, the noble form, the aspect and bearing of one who, if not born to fortune, could achieve it. Some sudden thought struck him at that moment, and he gazed earnestly upon himself. The resolve was made and taken; whether it was kept, the future will tell.

The cabin of Phelim Murphy, or, as he would have it called, the house of Phelim Murphy, was well built and comfortable for a house of its class. His youngest daughter was engaged in preparing a supper consisting of the usual potful of potatoes, which was slung on the iron crane that found refuge in the huge cavity of the chimney, so as to be on one side the fire, while over the burning embers was a broad iron griddle,

upon which a large thick oaten cake was browning. Moreover, a tea-kettle simmered opposite the potatoes, and the presence of "the chaneey" on a small table would have told any one acquainted with Phelim Murphy's *mesage*, that he and his wife and daughter had gone to market in the neighbouring town that morning, and were expected home to supper in a very short time.

Kathleen, the second daughter, had taken unusual pains with the arrangements; the "far table" was made ready for the two farm-servants and her brother, but the "little table" was prepared for the absent ones, who had doubtless undergone much fatigue. Kathleen having done all that was necessary, sat down on "the settle," and the old house-dog having curled himself round her feet, she began to hum over an old tune to the metre of a new ballad, until the repose of the room, which would have been stillness itself but for the hissing of the kettle and the chirping of the crickets, lulled her to sleep—the ready sweet repose purchased by labour and an untroubled spirit. Kathleen would, I dare to say, have slept on until her parents' return, had she not been roused from her slumbers by a sharp growl from her friend and companion "Gruff," and, suddenly starting, she saw Lanty Lurgan, staff in hand, standing before her.

"Oh, daddy Lanty, how you did frighten me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how could you! But," she continued, looking into the old man's face, "but, daddy Lanty, what ails ye!—what's on ye, daddy dear! Sit down, sir. And, stay; take a drop of mother's cordial. What's with ye at all at all, daddy?"

The old man gulped down "the mother's cordial," whatever it might be, that the kind girl offered, and staggered rather than walked to the settle. "What's keepin' yer father, Kathleen?" he inquired.

"Sorra a bit of me can tell," answered Kathleen. "If they had come home whin they said they would, the cake wouldn't have gone to the bad, for he had this griddle mended, and wouldn't let mother get a new one at the big shop till he could pay down for it. I wish he was come, though, for you seem in trouble, daddy, and I don't like that. Whin did ye hear of the young master, sir?" she added, coming close up to him; "and, indeed, though you war angry about the horse, sure it's what father could not help. We never can let Mr D'Arcy's trouble out of our mind whin we see the notice for the sale of the lands, and all, posted up on the chapel gate last Sunday was a mither. I thought the life would have left my mother; and father, though he never spoke a word, had heart sorrow on its account, and could not bear to go near the house, only little Tommy (oh, daddy Lanty, that is the boldest devil of a child that ever broke a sister's heart with his contrary ways)—well, he went off after flowers or something among the woods, and meets the young master. Sure he'd threatened to send the dogs after him many a time, but now he stooped down, poor dear gentleman, and patted his head, and gave him a silver shilling. 'Take it,' he says, 'for ye're the child of an honest man; and whin Tommy danced home, flourishing his stick and shoutin' like mad, 'Hurra for the O'Rourkes, the ould kings of the country for ever!' and told father, father laid his head down on the table, and I know he cried like a child. But Phelim Crane was here, and says that though the young master has give up every thing, even to the watch in his pocket, he says if he was caught, he could be took and put in the jail—the devil raze it!—on account of one vagabond that has no heart in his breast. Now, Lanty, is that thrue?"

The old man said it was.

"Then thank God he's out of the country, though father does lose; but he wouldn't go forward with his claim at the latter end, and many did the same, hoping the property would hold out to pay the large ones, and the master got free. Oh, Lanty! father sets the rights of things so before us, that though Mrs Myers has offered me credit for the pink gingham, and I haven't a tack to my back, I won't take it, because of the debt and danger! And, Lanty, I hope the master did not lave the country in anger on account of the horse father refused him; that often is on my mind, Lanty, though no one thinks any thing is over the matter with me, I'm so happy. Sure, whin I get the makings of a frock of that gingham, there won't be a happier colleen on Ireland's ground than myself!"

"Poor child! poor child!" sighed the old man, and she could have echoed "poor Lanty!" for when her volubility was somewhat exhausted, and she looked and thought of the change which a few weeks had wrought in his appearance, her large grey eyes filled with tears; and the desire to relieve the sufferings of others, which is as common to the Irish peasant as the air they breathe, came upon Kathleen, and she overwhelmed the old man with questions of "What will you have?—another drop of mother's cordial, or a tumbler of father's stiff whisky punch! or, sure, daddy Lanty, I'll wet the tay for ye; and the cake is so nice and hot, with a bit of fresh butter." Then, in utter despair at the various shakes of the head that were given in reply to her questions, Kathleen clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Then, oh, my grief! is there nothin' I can do for ye, daddy Lanty, Jewel, and ye looking so pale and poorly!"

"Nothing, Kathleen, only thank ye kindly; and sure the good man himself will be home in a few minutes any way, and it's wantin' him I am."

"And the master, Lanty?" she inquired, lowering her voice, "have you heard nothing from him?"



"From him?" repeated the old man; "no, nothing!"

"To think of the likes of him being forced to fly the country through debt and danger," ejaculated Kathleen, earnestly; "but it's well it's no worse;—if he was caught! Only think of his being put in a prison, like a bird in a cage!—it would break my heart, so it would!"

"God bless you for that word," said the old man.

"Father mourns greatly for him," continued the little maid, "but he says it's a great lesson to the country. And the other day, on the side of the mountain, where they war quarrying stones, my brother set on my father about a venture he meant to get up, and for which he could have borrowed the money easy. So my father made no answer until he took him up to the very top of the mountain, and then looking far over and away, he asked him to whom the bog and river and land belonged a hundred years ago, and he made answer, to the O'Rourke and D'Arcy, who married into one; and then he pointed to where the wood had stood, and asked how it had been all levelled, and the birds that inherited it of the Almighty forced to fly along with the four winds of heaven to seek another home; and he said it was because of the debts gathered over it; and my father asked again, who had the lands now, and my brother said, the stranger and the cunning man. 'Ay,' went on my father, 'and the money lender; the borrower is banished from the face of the earth,' says my father, 'but the lender is established in his stead. We'll go on as we are,' says my father, 'not spending all we earn, but laying by all we can, and then putting out our own honestly. I well know the danger of debt, and the debt of danger. We'll learn to do without what we can't pay for, and give God thanks we don't owe the value of a brass farthing through the country.' My father has a saying," continued the pretty chatterer, "that debt is like a grain of mustard seed that springs into a great tree."

"He's a wise man," muttered Lanty, who was too much of the old school fully to value the wholesome doctrine, which, moreover, was given at an injudicious time. "He's a wise man, with a bigger head on his shoulders than a heart in his bums, and that's what I don't like."

"That's not thrue all out," hastily replied Kathleen. "My father's head and heart are much of a size, thank God, and that's the blessing! And sure if he could have served the young master, he would."

"Ay, ay, when service is not needed; there's many say that," muttered the old servant.

"I don't know what's come to ye," exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears; "but I'd take the bit out of my own mouth to give to him, and so would all my people, Lanty, in spite of yer bad words."

"Would you, though?" said Lanty. "Do it then; the young heart is not *deaf* like the old. The master isn't fled the country; Kathleen, he could not fly; he was seized with the sickness, and I hid him away from the vagabonds that would have laid him in his grave before this, if they had had their way. He was so beleaguered, he could not get off. But, avourneen, you'd pity him from yer heart. The spirit is so high in him, that he'd die before he'd let any one—I mane any of his own sort—know where he is, or how he is; and he's wantin' the little nourishments, which, God help us, his mother and grandmother, and great-grandmother, and every mother he ever had in the world, bestowed upon all belonging to them in the country—sure they ever and always considered the poor their own people. Yet he's made a resolution not to go on trust for any thing; though we're expecting money every day from an uncle he has, that's a general in foreign service, to get him out of the country when the suspicion is over, and the coast clear, and he able; and, Kathleen, what I wanted to tell yer father was, that I'm afraid his bitter foe, Jack Cronan of Limerick, suspects he's not gone, from seeing me about, and is watching me when I go up towards the Black Abbey. Now, though your father's hard, he's honest; and as the poor master never settled that could thrille of a bill about the last horses and things, that was renewed so often, why, those mane-hearted vagabonds would think he was like themselves, and never suspect he was doing Master D'Arcy a good turn. So I was thinking that you, I mane your father, would maybe—"

"Take him all we have on our bare knees, watch him and tend him, and save him, and get him out of the hands of his enemies at last, God be praised!" exclaimed the generous-hearted girl. "Oh, Lanty, I'll forgive you all you said. To be sure we'll put a blind on the law; and sure enough it's my father will manage every thing, and you only did him justice. But you said something about his wanting; shall I take him *mother's cordial*, and the *lay*, and the cake, and every thing in the house, at once! No one would suspect me, you know, Lanty; only, in God's name, where in the Black Abbey could you have put him away?"

"I'll give you the tokens, avourneen, when yer father comes in; I could have got what he wanted, only for the waywardness he shows. And, besides, I know I'm watched."

Not many minutes after this disclosure, the farmer, his wife, and eldest daughter, returned; and it would have been a lesson worth remembering to those who argue on the selfishness of human nature, to have witnessed the zeal displayed by those humble but warm-

hearted people, in the cause of one who had injured them, but whose injuries were forgotten the moment his real situation was known.

"I thought you'd do the right thing," said old Lanty, while tears trickled down his cheeks; "there are many have the heart as good towards the master, and maybe softer; but there's none have so much since."

It was arranged that Lanty should lie by for a couple of days, and that either Murphy or his daughters should convey what was necessary to the Black Abbey for the poor sufferer.

The country had not yet done talking of his imprudence, misfortune, and rapid disappearance from amongst them. They could understand his extravagance and carelessness; but if they had known, they could hardly have comprehended the sensitiveness and pride that would, independently of the circumstances which left no alternative between voluntary or jail confinement, have compelled D'Arcy to hide what he considered a dishonoured head in the depths of the grave, sooner than have it seen by his old associates. The storm had been even more desperate than he anticipated; and agitation brought on fever, which his humble friend had truly designated as "the sickness." To the services of poor old Lanty, D'Arcy O'Rourke had an undoubted right; but he saw his old friend sinking under exertions which were likely to destroy him rapidly. The only thing those of his obdurate creditors could obtain by detaining him in prison, was revenge; and this, as I have said, for debt, found no echo in the generality of Irish hearts. Many were the instructions Lanty gave Murphy as to what he was to say and do, when he visited "the master"; that night his directions were particular indeed; one thing only he did not feel it necessary to recommend—perfect silence; he knew they would die sooner than betray their trust.

That night Murphy took down his gun, and, being amply provided with all things necessary, which his wife and daughters prepared with unusual care, departed on his mission. The good woman would not call her husband back for fear of "turning his luck," but she ran after to whisper in his ear, "that he was to remember it was one of the *rale* old stock he was going to, and to be very particular in his manners, especially now, as the dear gentleman was in sore trouble." This was in unison with the farmer's own opinion, and he was somewhat offended at the caution which his own generous feelings, clad in coarser garments, told him was unnecessary.

Many visions floated before him as he climbed the rocky acclivity leading to the Black Abbey. The foot-path was wild and tangled. First of all he had to ford through a portion of that peculiarly Irish morass that adheres to the mountain side, then to spring from crag to crag, until, having attained the highest point commanding a view of the ivied ruins, which lay peacefully in a little dell sunk between two hills, he paused to consider what he should say. Murphy's salutation to friend or foe, to superior or inferior, would have been ready without thought, but D'Arcy was a combination of all at once. The national fealty to his landlord that had been, was combated by the severe loss and degradation he had endured from his reckless habits and broken promises. D'Arcy was vastly his superior in birth and education, but the upright and honest spirit, the firm purpose and untainted word of a free-born man, assured the brave tiller of the soil that those high moral qualities elevate the peasant, while their abuse degrades the peer. He stood alone under the canopy of heaven; the pale stars were "dreaming their path through the sky," the rabbits were gambolling in the moonlight, and the hoot of the owl ascended from the little valley, mingled with the honest bark of the distant dog. Murphy paused to consider what he should say. He knew what the ardent and fiery temper of the young man had been, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it would rebel against, not yield to, circumstances. He almost wished he had suffered his wife to come; for she certainly would have done nothing wrong.

#### THE DRAMA AN IMPORTANT AGENT OF CIVILISATION.

Dramatic performances and recitations are means of bringing the mass of people into a quicker sympathy with a writer of genius, to a profounder comprehension of his grand, beautiful, touching conceptions, than can be effected by the reading of the closet. No commentary throws such a light on a great poem, or any impassioned work of literature, as the voice of a reader or speaker, who brings to the task a deep feeling of his author, and rich and various powers of expression. A crowd, electrified by a sublime thought, or softened into a humanising sorrow, under such a thought partake a pleasure at once exquisite and refined; and I cannot but believe that this, and other amusements, at which the delicacy of women and the purity of the Christian can take no offence, are to grow up under a higher social culture. Let me only add, that, in proportion as culture spreads among the people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures, conversation, increases in delight. This, after all, is the greatest amusement in life; cheering us round our hearths, often cheering our work, stirring our hearts, gently, acting on us like the balmy air, or the bright light of heaven, so silently and continually that we hardly think of its influence. This source of happiness is too often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, mental activity, and refinement of feeling; and we defraud the labourer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly

blessings of conversation within his reach?—*Channing's Self-Culture.*

[The above sentiments breathe a fine spirit of philanthropy, but we fear are quite visionary.]

#### THE FRENCH PRIEST.

[Abridged from a Sketch by Delaforest, in "Halls of the French, drawn by Themselves."]

THE nobility have resumed their titles, recovered part of their landed estates, and received, by a legislative enactment, a magnificent compensation for their losses; the middle classes, in their various grades, have gained a marked influence; but the clergy—ridiculed and prostrated in the eighteenth century, hated and persecuted by the Directory—have never resumed their influence. The position, fortune, and dignity of the French Priest, seem to have sunk for ever.

The calling of the Priest is not recognised by the civil law until he obtains the situation of vicar [or assistant to a curate], when he begins to receive an official salary out of the public purse. He is then considered a government officer; and as such, his annual salary is voted with those of all other public servants, from the king down to the last messenger; and a sum of twenty-eight millions of francs being divided between the thirty thousand persons that government condescend to keep in pay for the service of the church, each Priest's average income is under forty pounds a year, and there is not one Priest for every thousand souls.

Thus a great number of Priests, not included in the official list, which begins by the archbishops, and ends with the vicars, must depend for their existence on their own personal property, or their scanty share of the small fees collected in the church they attend, which are divided by the vestry, under the superintendence of the curate of the parish. The immediate consequence of this inferior condition of the French clergy is, that their numbers are recruited solely from the lower classes, and from those poor but respectable families in which the young men, accustomed from childhood to hardship and privation, are prepared with more fortitude to bear the difficulties with which the Priest has to contend in his laborious career, under our philosophical laws, and in the present state of public morals.

Thus, also, it must be acknowledged, those free and spontaneous vocations which sometimes appear in the highest stations of life, being now above any suspicion of ambition or cupidity, are the more strong and durable, and command the more authority and respect. The Catholic church is disencumbered of those *abbés*, who had only the name and half the costume of the Priest; whose busts, fancifully sculptured, might be seen in the gardens of the nobility; who used to write tragedies when they could not write songs or operas; a kind of irregular troop, without leader and without pay, who, strangers as they were to the militant clergy, brought by their conduct inevitable disgrace on the cloth in the eyes of the vulgar and the ignorant. Delivered from these idle and perverted members, the Catholic church, as at present organised, prepares the young Levites, whom she brings up with care in her bosom, to the solitary and cheerless life that awaits them in the exercise of their calling. No one now thinks of railing or blaspheming against the Priest: it is no longer the fashion, and is esteemed vulgar; but, prompted by strong feelings of antipathy, or dreading the restraint his presence imposes, or, perhaps, wincing under the tacit censure conveyed by his example, people shun the Priest, and exclude him almost entirely from their domestic circle. Either through systematic religious indifference, or on account of their irregular habits, or in obedience to worldly prejudice, they never think of living on terms of intimacy with a man for whose assistance they apply on every important circumstance of their life, and who will be called to afford them spiritual comfort on their deathbed. Truth to say, the Priest is far from desiring admission to the pleasures of the social family circle—he would not enjoy them. He avoids mixing with society, because he perceives, beneath an apparent kindness of manners, prejudices, want of sympathy, and adverse feelings prevailing against him; and he will not excite or set them at defiance. The Priest's religious education has taught him, with humble resignation, to bear solitude, scorn, and all worldly tribulations; and, prepared as he is to live apart from a world that cannot do without him, he is ever ready to tender his assistance when required. Such is the situation, above the reach of prejudice, assigned the Priest in the social scale by the gospel and the moral code in all Christian countries.

The newly-ordained Priest who has no taste for tuition, or who is afraid alike of its advantages and its difficulties, is always anxious to perform his sacerdotal duties; and, after the Christmas consecration, his bishop appoints him resident Priest of some large parish in a great town. Let us follow him there, the better to appreciate the privations and the toils of the French Catholic Priest. His only income is composed of the tenth or twelfth part of the voluntary fees paid to the parish for the christening and commemorative masses (marriage and burial-service fees belonging exclusively to curates and vicars), and this precarious and scanty resource hardly enables him to provide the bare necessities of life. He is obliged to take a lodging at the top of some decent but obscure house; a pallet bed, a table, and a chair or two, compose the



whole of his furniture; and if he has any attendance at all, he is indebted for it to the private feelings of some honest charwoman, who finds a compensation in the enjoyment of her charitable feelings for her insufficient wages.

This is not all. He will also visit the sick, the poor, the prisoners; and, however difficult he might find it to surmount the natural dislike inherent to humanity for scenes of wretchedness and misery, his sense of duty, of evangelical benevolence and heavenly reward, will not desert him in his arduous task. But who will not sympathise with the painful depression of a cultivated mind, obliged constantly to commune with children, women, men of the lower condition, whose intellect is hardly open to any light, who know not how to discern the acts of their every-day life, who are ignorant of the value of the words they utter—half savage beings, who do not even present, as a compensation for their stupidity, the stimulant attraction of a conversion to make, of a new civilisation to prepare? Who will not pity the mental torture to be endured by those constantly retold instructions, by that attendance to confraternities of religious old maids, by those unintelligible confessions, which form an essential part of the young Priest's duty, at the beginning of his professional career!

We shall not attempt to follow the Priest in the routine of all his professional duties, performing successively the christening, marriage, and burial services, our especial province being to observe and describe him out of church, in his connection with the world and society. After many years of trial, his merit, not unassisted by his family interest, or the patronage of some protectors, may obtain for him the appointment of vicar or curate; nay, perhaps he may be raised to the state of a vicar-general or a canon, become bishop or archbishop—and, as nothing is impossible, some future day may see him cardinal and pope. The Priest can always, we shall not say hope, but fear (which is more consistent with his humility) to be entrusted with the spiritual government of the Christian world. Brought up for all situations of life, he is prepared for all changes of fortune, and will bear them all with equal dignity: his habitual chastity, poverty, and resignation, give him a complete control over himself. Indifferent, but not selfish—charitable, without parading any outward emotion—observant, without malignity—silent, without being disdainful—and cautious, although he does not lack courage—he will appear irreproachable to the world; and he will rather abstain from mixing with society than engage himself too warmly in its conflicts. You will never hear of the Priest except when you want him; and he be poor or rich, in the lowest ranks of the church militia or among its highest dignitaries, he will be in close contact with every social crisis, without playing any conspicuous or offensive part. Has any one connected with the courts of law ever heard of a Priest appearing there as a debtor or creditor, plaintiff or defendant? We know only of two recent exceptions, and, unwilling as we are to recal painful recollections, we must say, that one of the men alluded to was not French, and that both had been attainted by the discipline of the Church before being found guilty by a criminal court. Still these two solitary examples, in our days, when all ears and all eyes are anxiously open to the smallest delinquencies of the Levites of the church, bear the most striking testimony to the high character of the French clergy, to which no other can be compared. One or two bad sheep in a flock of thirty thousand are hardly worth mentioning; and the united clergy of Italy, Germany, Portugal, England, Spain, and both Americas, cannot boast, like the French clergy, of the mighty assemblage of so many virtues, united to such exemplary dignity, poverty, and learning.

Buried now in a few legislative, municipal, and academic mummies, the spirit of Voltaire will no more invent and publish pretended misdeeds perpetrated by Catholic Priests. Calumny has made way for truth, and the newspapers are every day filled with descriptions of acts of courage, devotedness, and benevolence, accomplished by members of the Catholic clergy, whose example is in keeping with their best sermons. Here the archbishop of the metropolis, when a contagious fever is raging in Paris, can be constantly seen in attendance at the hospitals, adopting all orphans that the fatal disease throws upon his inexhaustible charity; there a young vicar plunges into the river, at the peril of his life, to rescue the insane or imprudent victim, whom he saves from certain death; another, braving the danger of a fatal conflagration, preserves the peasant's cottage, or the manufactory that gives employment to many operatives. Again, it is a Priest who throws himself between two combatants misled by a false sense of honour, and a sincere reconciliation takes place upon the spot selected for deadly contest. Every day, in fine, is revealed to the public some noble or generous deed accomplished by members of that class so long devoted to the calumnies of the press.

There is in this rapid sketch neither exaggeration nor poetry. Plain truth is told, supported by undeniable facts. We have shown the French Priest in his real character, without the servile and injudicious veneration of narrow-minded devotees; but we have also tried to vindicate him from the suspicion of hypocrisy entertained against him by all libertines. We have portrayed the Priest, not as he is misrepresented by silly people and slanderers, but as he is now—more the man of the times, more attentive to its wants, its

signs, and its progress, than he ever was before, because experience and the calamities of the Church have not been lost upon him.

To sum up the social and distinctive features of the physiognomy of the French Priest, follow him from the seminary to the college chapel, to the barrack, on board ship, to the font and to the altar, to the death-bed of the sick, to the cottage of the poor, and the wigwag of the savage; observe him treading on the carpeted floors of splendid mansions, or visiting the convict in his cell, and accompanying him to the scaffold: you will always find him adapting his demeanour and his speech to times, to places, and to persons. The most characteristic trait of the French Catholic Priest—that which bears the impress of his peculiar education—is his disposition always to act with the most becoming propriety, his constant readiness to make sacrifices to every situation. It has been said with truth that there is always some virtue concealed beneath the rigid observance of propriety; and the Priest being the most perfect model of all sorts of propriety, he resumes in his life the practice, or at least the appearance, of every virtue.

#### NOVEL-SPINNING.

THE following *jeu d'esprit* on the practice of *spinning* novels out to the length of three volumes, occurs in the New York Mirror for August 31, 1839:—

"A novel must be in three volumes. It matters not whether the author's story is long or short—his plot intricate or simple—his incident crowded or scarce—his characters few or many—in all cases his novel must be in three volumes. It is the publisher's fiat. If Richardson had lived in those days, he would have had to cut down *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Pamela*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, to three volumes each, and Goldsmith would have had to expand his charming little *Vicar of Wakefield* to the same dimensions. A tale in one or two volumes is deemed trivial, and in four or upwards cumbersome, and therefore no novel-writer, unless he be an established favourite, dares depart from the beaten track of three octavos or duodecimos. This gives rise to a systematic process of elaboration, which is a very great bore. Indeed, there is no end to the affectation and flimsiness of which it is productive; and an author is frequently obliged to withdraw his scenes and thoughts in a way which is very afflicting.

The interrogation and exclamation are much in request, and special favourites with those who practise the art of spinning. Sometimes there is a good deal of ingenuity manifested in this department, and sometimes there is no ingenuity at all. The design is frequently too apparent—too barefaced; neither wit nor humour is employed to conceal the fraud. A gentleman's inquiries about little or nothing are numerous in the extreme, and his surprise about little or nothing painful and prolonged to a painful extent. For instance:—

"Were you at Sanderson's last night, Tom?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Crowded?"  
 "A regular jam! Whom do you think your false fair one, little Emily?"  
 "Stuff!"  
 "Led off the ball with?"  
 "Oh! Watkins, of course."  
 "No."  
 "No!"  
 "Not Watkins!"  
 "No—I'll tell you—not Watkins."  
 "Harry Selbourne, perhaps."  
 "Wrong again. What think you of Fred. Thompson?"  
 "Pooch!"  
 "Fact."  
 "Nonsense!"  
 "Pon honour!"  
 "Fred. Thompson!"  
 "Fred. Thompson."  
 "You don't say so! What will Sophy Tompkins say to that?"  
 &c. &c. &c.

Now, in place of such tawdler as this, to which plenty of parallels are to be found in our modern novels, would it not be equally instructive and answer the great object of filling the page just as well, to do it in this fashion:—

"—"  
 "—"  
 "—"

#### DUELLING IN AMERICA.

The following is from the New York Spectator:—"We received a letter from a friend in the west, a short time since, from which we extract the following account of a duel, which, for novelty and brutality, the reader must confess, has not been surpassed:—

"Writing of their genteel and honourable mode of settling disputes, I will endeavour to give you a description of a duel which took place in a southern city not long since; and to do the narration justice, I must inform you of its origin. One night, a stranger—a tall, bony, and powerful man—stepped into the bar-room of a fashionable hotel, and swaggered about, to the no small amusement of the company. His dress was unique, being a coarse Petersham coat, deer-skin pantaloons, and heavy water-boots. His head was graced with a huge Mexican hat, with a brim half a yard wide. The butts of two large horse-pistols protruded from either pocket of his coat, and the handle of a bowie knife projected from under his vest. The strangeness of the man's appearance riveted the attention of all present, and those who did not boast the bump of combativeness shrank from the swing of his giant arm. 'I'm a gentleman,' said he, by way of introduction. No one appeared to dispute it, so he proceeded. 'I own three thousand acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, and one hundred negroes, and I can chew up any man in this room;' still no one disputed him; and looking round with a sneer, he exclaimed, 'I've killed

eleven Indians, three white men, and seven panthers; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!' With this denunciation he jolted against Dr B—, a man of high honour and unquestionable courage. The doctor immediately threw the disgraceful epithet back on him, and at the same time spat in his face. The bowie knife of the stranger immediately glistened in the light, but the timely rush of several gentlemen prevented his plunging it into the heart of his opponent. Matters were soon brought to an understanding, and a formal challenge was given and accepted by the parties. Dr B— was a thickset muscular man, and considered one of the best shots in the states; and even the arrangements of the duel did not shake his determination to humble the arrogance of the stranger. The terms were these:—The parties were to be locked up in a dark room (the seconds remaining outside), each to be stripped of his clothing with the exception of pantaloons, and the arms and shoulders to be greased with lard. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. At a given signal from the seconds, the butchery was to commence. The doctor, who survived the dreadful conflict, stated that for nearly a quarter of an hour they kept at bay, and scarcely a tread or breath could be heard after the cocking of the pistols. At moments he could see the cat-eyes of his antagonist; and when he was about to fire, they would disappear, and appear again in another part of the room. He at length fired: as quick as thought the shot was returned, and the ball passed through the shoulder. In his agony he discharged the second pistol at random; the flash brought a return from his opponent, and another ball passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Faint with the loss of blood, he staggered about the room, and at length fell heavily upon the floor. The stranger chuckled when he heard the noise of his fall, but soon became silent, and slowly and softly approached his victim, with the intention of dispatching him with his knife. This, however, the doctor, with much presence of mind, though barely alive, prevented; for the grey eyes of the stranger betrayed him; and while they glared like fireballs over him, he struck his knife upwards, and it went through the heart of his antagonist, who fell by his side without a groan. The door was then opened, and the duellists were found weltering in each other's blood."

[Such is the feebleness of the executive in the western and southern parts of the United States, that proceedings of the above horrid nature cannot be checked.]

#### DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR JAMES M'DONNELL.

A friend has related to us an anecdote illustrative not only of the high opinion entertained by his grace of this distinguished general, but of the delicate generosity displayed by Sir James to a non-commissioned officer of his regiment. Some three years ago, the Duke of Wellington was waited upon at Apsley House by two gentlemen, who announced to him, that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British army, they called for the purpose of handing to his grace a check for that amount; being fully satisfied that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money, alleging that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his grace's visitors earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded, promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The duke received them with great courtesy, but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that, if they had no objection, he would make his selection from the battle of Waterloo, that being the last, the greatest, and most important action of the war. This point being adjusted, his grace proceeded to state, that Hougoumont having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major-General Sir James Macdonnell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James Macdonnell, and having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day the French troops rushed upon Hougoumont with such irresistible force, that the gates of the farm were burst open, and for a moment the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful serjeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards the French were driven back with great slaughter, and the fate of Hougoumont was decided. Sir James added, that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant soldier who assisted him, at so critical a moment, in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept the £500, and divide it with Serjeant-Major Fraser, to whom he accordingly paid £250 of the money.—*United Service Journal*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 10, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh. Also by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London. Sold by all booksellers.